eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of Nature*[4], —

ORL. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

DAU. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

ORL. Your mistress bears well.

DAU. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

CON. *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

DAU. So, perhaps, did yours.

CON. Mine was not bridled.

DAU. *O!* then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers[5],

4 — *Wonder of Nature.*] Here, I suppose, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed: which indeed partly appears from the answer. WARBURTON.

In The First Part of King Henry VI. Act V. Sc. IV. Shakspeare himself uses the phrase which he here seems to ridicule:

"Be not offended, *nature's miracle*," MALONE.

The phrase is only reprehensible through its misapplication. It is surely proper when applied to a *woman*, but ridiculous indeed when addressed to a *horse*. STEEVENS.

5 — like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait TROSSERS.] This word very frequently occurs in the old dramatick writers. A man in The Coxcomb of Beaumont and Fletcher, speaking to an Irish servant, says, "I'll have thee fleacl, and *trossers* made of thy skin, to tumble in." *Trossers* appear to have been tight breeches. — The Kernes of Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *strait trossers*, I

believe, means only *in their naked skin*, which sits close to them. The word is still preserved, but now written — *trowsers*. Thus, says Handle Holme, in his Academy of Arms and Blazon, b. iii. ch. iii, ; "Tfye